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& BYSTANDER

FEB. 20, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS



LADY MARY AND
LADY ELIZABETH STOPFORD

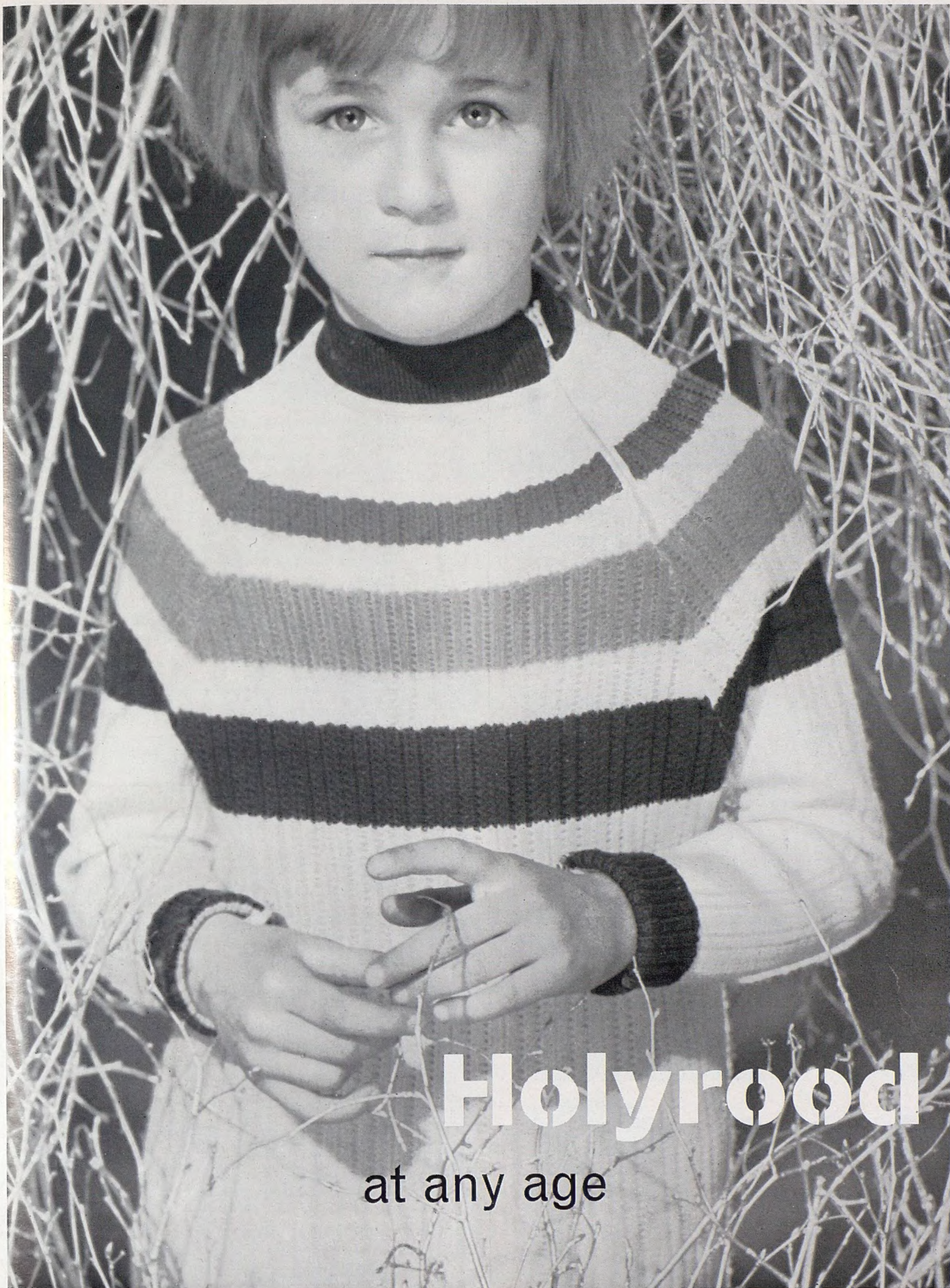
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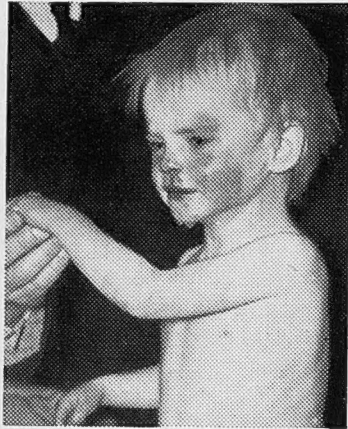
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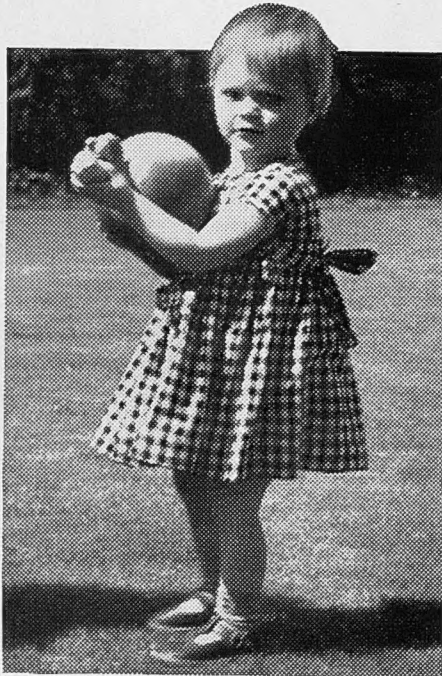


"Instead of an average 32 lb. Joan weighed 18 lb. 12 oz., and was 4 in. under average height. The Inspector added; 'Joan was the absolute picture of misery. I have never seen a child look so sad.'"

★ Extract from a newspaper report.

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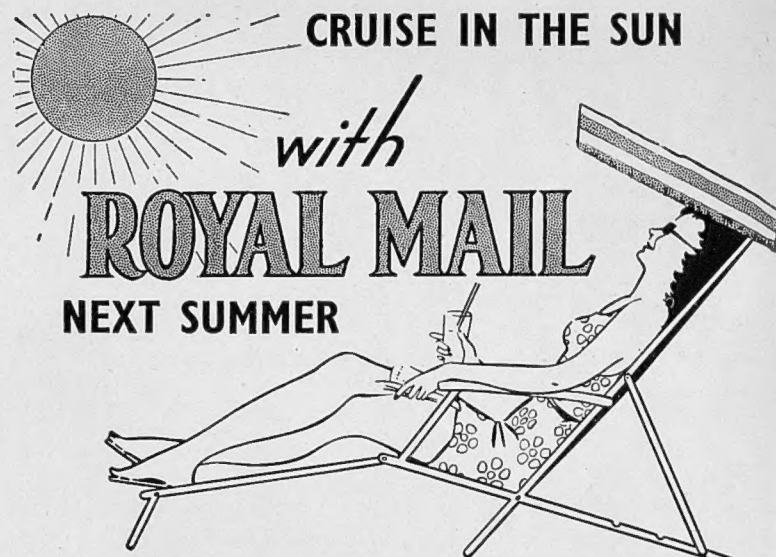


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LADY MARY AND LADY ELIZABETH STOPFORD are the daughters of the eighth Earl of Courtown and of Mrs. Christopher Vian; before he succeeded to the Earldom recently, their father was Viscount Stopford. Lady Mary, who was born in 1936, is at present working at the Houses of Parliament. Her younger sister (on the left in the photograph) is making her debut this year and is to share a dance with Miss Caroline Spicer and Miss Elizabeth Eaton in July. Cover photograph by Yevonde

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From February 20 to February 27

Feb. 20 (Wed.) Wild duck and grouse shooting ends. Third day of the Women's Squash Championships at the Lansdowne Club (till 23rd). The Winter Ball at the Dorchester. Racing at Worcester and Downpatrick.

Feb. 21 (Thur.) Princess Margaret will attend the premiere of the film *Anastasia* at the Carlton Theatre in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. The Princess Royal will attend a recital in aid of the Historic Churches Preservation Trust at St. James's Church, Piccadilly. Racing at Worcester and Wincanton.

Feb. 22 (Fri.) Winter Sport: Grand National on Cresta Run, St. Moritz. Fencing: Men's Universities Championships. (2 days). One hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Lord Baden Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement—National Service of Thanksgiving at Westminster Abbey. The Vine Hunt Ball, Corn Exchange, Newbury. The George Washington Birthday Ball at Claridge's. Racing at Catterick Bridge and Kempton Park.

Feb. 23 (Sat.) Rugby Football: England v. France at Twickenham. Scotland v. Ireland at Murrayfield, Edinburgh. Association Football: Ireland v. Scotland (Amateur), at Belfast. Hockey: Oxford University v. Cambridge University, Beckenham, Kent.

Exhibition of Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers (to March 21), R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit Street.

United Services Point to Point at Larkhill. Racing at Catterick Bridge, Kempton Park and Hereford.

Feb. 24 (Sun.)

Feb. 25 (Mon.) Winter Sport: Swiss Championships on the Cresta Run, St. Moritz. Squash Rackets: Professional Championships of the British Isles (till March 4), Lansdowne Club. "Great Oaks" Cavalcade of Scouting (to March 2), Golders Green Hippodrome. Racing at Plumpton and Birmingham.

Feb. 26 (Tue.) Prince Philip will attend a luncheon at the Mansion House on the occasion of his return from his Commonwealth tour. Royal Ulster Agricultural Society Spring Show (to 28th), Balmoral, Belfast. Magyar Ball at the Anglo-Portuguese Society, 6 Belgrave Square. Racing at Birmingham.

Feb. 27 (Wed.) Prince Philip will preside at the annual general meeting of the Royal Yachting Association at Caxton Hall, Westminster.

Melton Hunt Club Race.

Racing at Windsor.



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Betty Swaebe

A Countess with her young family

THE COUNTESS OF GAINSBOROUGH is seen with her five children, Lady Juliana Noel, Lady Celestria Noel, the Hon. Gerard Noel, Viscount Campden and Lady Maria Noel, at their home, Exton Park, Oakham, Rutland. Before her marri-

age to the fifth Earl in 1947, Lady Gainsborough was Miss Mary Stourton, daughter of the Hon. John Joseph Stourton, brother of Lord Mowbray, Premier Baron of England. Lord Gainsborough is a Knight of the Sovereign Order of Malta

AT HOME IN S. AFRICA

PRINCESS DOMINIC RADZIWILL, the attractive American-born wife of Prince Dominic Radziwill, is photographed with their two little daughters, Renata and Marie Louise. The Prince and Princess met when she was working for the Allies in Rome and married there after the war. They now make their home at French Hoek, South Africa, and farm



J. K. de Vries

Social Journal

Jennifer

A WEEK IN JOHANNESBURG

AFTER my recent visit to Cape Town, I spent a few days in Johannesburg, where once again I was quite overwhelmed with kindness! While I never saw any ostentatious parties, the standard of living in the Union is high and entertaining in the home much easier than in England. It is a country where all the men and some of the women seem to be working, and working hard, whether in industry, mining, finance or farming, and the wives all pride themselves on their homes and gardens, which I found they ran very efficiently. During my four days here I went to luncheon parties, dinner parties, a *braaivleis* (better known in this country as a barbecue), a meet of the local hunt, and pony club hunter trials, but by far the most exciting part of my stay was a visit to the Premier Diamond mine near Pretoria.

Mr. Tony Wilson, one of the directors of De Beers and Anglo-American Corporation, kindly motored me over there, a drive of about sixty miles. On arrival the under-manager, Mr. Sewell, in the absence of the manager, Mr. Hugh Hodson, who was on holiday, took us around the whole plant and down the mine. This is one of the best mechanized mines in the country, with the most up-to-date machinery. I am sure that few people realize how many tons of soil and rock have to be blasted out of the ground to find even one small diamond. Then it is brought to the surface, crushed and broken up, washed and run over the greasetable, where a diamond will usually stick and be spotted for the first time. There follows the sorting, to divide the industrials from the gems. After all this, it is no wonder diamonds are of such great value!

The Premier Mine opened in 1902 and it was here in January 1905 that the famous Cullinan diamond was found. (The day of our visit to the mine happened to be the fifty-second anniversary of the discovery.) As most readers will know, the Cullinan diamond, the biggest ever to

be found, weighed 3,025 $\frac{1}{4}$ carats and was bought in 1907 by the Government of the Transvaal and presented to the late King Edward VII, who had it cut into nine stones; one of these is in the Imperial Crown and another is set in the Royal Sceptre. The greatest security measures are taken throughout the mine, and today, thanks to modern machinery, the human hand does not come in contact with the soil or stones until the latter come to the sorting room. This limits pilfering and its associated illicit diamond buying—more commonly known as I.D.B.—which has always been a worry in the diamond world. Like many other mines, the Premier suffered from the depression in the early thirties, and was closed down for thirteen years. It reopened in 1944, largely thanks to the foresight of that wizard of finance, Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, who has such a brilliant brain and is much respected in South Africa, where he has worked and made his home for over fifty years. When the Premier was reopened, a lot of new and up-to-date machinery was installed.

WE went down the mine in one of the high-powered lifts—faster than any I have travelled in in New York! Then we found long, high, airy tunnels, well ventilated and all whitewashed, some with train lines along them to take a little train of about twelve trucks laden with the blue soil, which it tips down a shaft to go up to the surface at a great speed in a giant lifter (which incidentally, I saw was made by Vickers). Not far from the mine are hundreds of small homes, all built for the workers, and these form the village of Cullinan, with its shops, hospital, police station, law court and small hotel, where we enjoyed an excellent lunch. Tours are arranged from Johannesburg quite frequently for anyone who wants to visit this mine, and it is a trip well worth making when you are in this city.

I did not meet Sir Ernest or Lady Oppenheimer during my visit, but had the pleasure of meeting his son and heir, Mr. Henry

Oppenheimer, who, like his father, is an outstanding figure and works indefatigably. He is a very live and able Member of Parliament (as was his father for many years) as well as having many business interests, yet he still finds time for an occasional hunt or day's racing at weekends; and he also runs a very successful stud. Two of his horses won races the weekend I was there, at the local course called Newmarket.

Mrs. Oppenheimer, who is very attractive with a charming personality, was away in England taking her two young children back to school. On our way back from Pretoria we called in for a short while to see Mr. Roly Cullinan, son of the late Sir Thomas Cullinan, who was so closely connected with the Premier mine. Mr. Cullinan has a very successful fireproof pottery works which he started himself, and has built up into a flourishing business.

The Rand Hunt Club Children's Hunter Trials were very entertaining and a great success. They were held at Windsor Park, about fifteen miles outside Johannesburg, by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. J. Gemmill. This was a lovely setting, with a magnificent view for miles around. Cars were parked in a large field on top of the hill full of flowering Protea trees, under which everyone enjoyed their picnic lunches, sometimes with a brilliantly coloured sunbird flying from tree to tree. An excellent, but not too easy, course had been laid out by Miss Joane Pim, who usually plans the drag for the hunt; incidentally, she is a clever landscape gardener, and has designed many lovely gardens in the Union.

THE standard of riding was very high, and I was interested to see very young children riding very big ponies, due to shortage of the smaller ponies out here. Among competitors I noticed Jennifer Boswell, who won the Garth Trace Cup for riders under ten years old, on Shangani, Jill Stuart from Germiston, Alain and Gilbert Burbach, who both ride well, Diana Hindle, a prizewinner more than once, and eleven-year-old Michael Lannan, who had only been riding for three months. Also Tony Lewis, one of the best child riders at the moment in the Union, tiny Deirdre Doak on her own pony Rosheen, John Boswell, who had a fall but was soon up again and going well, John Mendelsohn, another prizewinner, riding Mr. Jacobson's Nicholas, and Yvan Vladynkin and his very attractive sister, Nadya, who was among the competitors over sixteen years and under twenty-one years. She rode round the course nearly a dozen times, several of these in pair events accompanying the younger children.

At the trials I met Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Carey, who had their two younger sons David and Johnny riding, Cdr. and Mrs. Robin Watkins accompanied by Nicholas and Christopher, who were also competing, Dr. and Mrs. Lannan who came to see their son ride (Dr. Lannan kindly acted as honorary medical officer), Mrs. Michael Menzies, who brought her mother-in-law, and Sir Alfred and Lady Beit, who were staying with her. Mrs. Menzies, who will be better remembered by all lawn tennis enthusiasts as Kay Stammers, looked just as attractive as when she played on the Centre Court at Wimbledon. Her daughter, Virginia, was riding in the trials, but Mr. Menzies was absent as he was playing golf; I met him, however, next morning after the meet of the hounds at Harrowdeen. The Menzies have a delightful home just outside Johannesburg, where Mrs. Menzies farms, and he is kept very busy with business interests, including a big trust company and an insurance company. Commandant R. Berry, who was one of the stewards, had his twin son and daughter there.

Others helping with this very well-run and successful event included

[Continued overleaf]



Mr. Peter Wilson, the Master (left), is seen above moving off after a Breakfast Meet of the Rand Hunt Club. Below, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Menzies and Freddie were in company with Mr. Tony Wilson



Yvan Vladynkin and his sister Nadya, second in the pairs event



Sir Alfred Beit, Bt., and Lady Beit had been looking over the course



Montague Brett rides Jabula through water in the Blagden Cup

M. A. E. Pocock

At the Rand Hunt Club Children's Hunter Trials, near Johannesburg

The Worshipful Company of Fruiterers gave their annual dinner at the Grocers' Hall. The Master, Mr. W. Clayton Russon, presided, and the guest of honour was the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Cullum Welch



Foreground: Mrs. S. Southwood, Mrs. J. Cox, Mrs. C. Grasemann, Mrs. E. Thalmann, Mrs. J. Laver and Lady Miller. Head: Mrs. W. Clayton Russon. Back: Mrs. P. Cranmer, Mrs. F. Russon, Lady Hamer



The Lord Mayor and Mr. W. Clayton Russon (drinking from a loving cup), Lord Justice Morris and Mr. C. Grasemann at the top table

Stanley White

Mr. Garth Trace, the Senior Steward, Mr. Peter Noel-Roberts, the very able commentator, and his young wife, Mr. Tony Wilson and his nephew and niece, Mr. Robin Wilson and Miss Caroline Wilson, Mr. Cotchka Vladkyin, the deputy chief steward, Mrs. A. C. Cornish-Bowden, Miss Rosamund Pim, who had rather a heavy fall, and Mrs. Spilhaus and her sister, Mrs. Southern, who are members of the well-known Cape family of Van der Byl.

Next morning, I attended a meet of the Rand Hunt which took place at 8.15 on Mr. I. W. Jacobson's farm, Harrowdeen. There was a field of over a hundred mounted which included many of those I mentioned at the hunter trials. The Master, Mr. Peter Wilson, who has hunted these hounds for twenty-five years—their season is from October to May—was away in England, so his brother, Mr. Tony Wilson, who is usually first whipper-in, carried the horn. The Rand Hunt was established about 1886, and since he became connected with the hunt, Mr. Peter Wilson has built up a very fine pack. He has mostly imported hounds from Cumberland and Wales, and these have produced really hard-working hounds which run very fast and are much in request for other packs all over Africa, where hounds are often used to hunt the jackals. The Rand Hunt is a drag; the line of 15-25 miles is chosen, as I mentioned before, by Miss Joane Pim, and very ably carried out by Daniel, a coloured personality well known to followers of this hunt, who all go a great gallop over quite a hazardous country, in which timber and earth banks predominate. The whippers-in that day were Mr. Bob Grayston, who made many friends show-jumping in England last summer, Mr. Richard Mendelsohn and Miss Nadya Vladkyin, whose father was field master in charge of those hacking and not wishing to jump the course.

At the conclusion, around 10.30 a.m., everyone gathered back at the meet for "tea"—a great mid-morning habit in this part of the world. Although this beverage was drunk by some, I noticed many more thirsty followers were drinking a light beer or a soft beverage to quench their thirst.

ON my first day in Johannesburg I went to a delightful luncheon party at the Country Club, given by a charming South African, Mrs. Millie Dickinson, whose late husband was a very well-known American mining engineer, and lived here for many years. We lunched in a very cool private room of the Club opening all along one side on to the most beautiful garden and lawns, and enjoyed a well-chosen and splendidly cooked luncheon. This Country Club, which has the usual swimming pool and tennis courts, also has a golf course, and is situated conveniently near the centre of the city. It is extremely well-run by Sir Saxby Foster, who has made his home in South Africa for many years.

That evening I went to a cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. John Home-Rigg at their very nice house in Melrose. Mrs. Home-Rigg is a keen gardener and has made her garden most attractive; she and her husband are coming over to England in the early summer. Here among the guests I met were Mr. and Mrs. Glen Bateman, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Simpson who have been busy moving into a new home near Johannesburg, Mrs. Denise Crichton and Sir Evan and Lady Gwynne-Evans's son and heir, Mr. Ian Gwynne-Evans, and his South African-born wife, who make their home in Johannesburg.

From here I went on to dine with Mr. Charles Matterson, a wonderful host whose luncheon and dinner parties in the cleverly-decorated board-

room of Matterson's wine business are renowned. We had a delicious dinner, accompanied by excellent South African wines. My hostess at luncheon that day, Mrs. Dickinson, was here, looking very attractive in a short white chiffon dress, also Mrs. James Fraser, who was off next morning for ten days' holiday at Oyster Bay near Durban, Mrs. Peter Wilson, Mr. Roy Anderson and Mr. Ian McPherson who are both members of the Stock Exchange here, and their two gay and attractive wives; also Mr. Toddy Hanbury and Mr. Berners Vallance, who both came out from England to make their homes in South Africa, and Mr. Soley Ornstein, a Bulgarian by birth, who has many business interests in the Union. Later, I went on for a short while to Ciro's, which is the most exclusive and sophisticated night club in the city.

Another evening I went in before dinner to see Mrs. Warwick Bryant, who has a lovely home on the fashionable north side of the city. With impeccable taste, she has redecorated and altered the house and furnished it with some of the many beautiful treasures she had at Sunninghill, including some very fine Canalettos. Mrs. Bryant has also built on an enchanting guest cottage, and done a lot to the garden, which was full of colour, and has plans for many more improvements. A more serious project, which is also taking up much of her time, is "Queen's Haven." This is an old-age home for those who can no longer work and afford a home of their own. It has been built on the most modern lines and perfectly designed, and now Mrs. Bryant, who herself has contributed generously, is busy raising money to build an extension for those who can no longer even "do for themselves."

I ALSO dined with Mr. and Mrs. "Punch" Barlow, who have another lovely home here, near the polo club. This was originally a large cottage and they have added to it, building on wings and verandas and enlarging rooms most cleverly. They have also made a really beautiful walled garden out of what was just rough land in the surprisingly short time of three or four years. Mr. Barlow is a great fisherman, and a fine polo player who has played polo all over the world; he and his wife also have a farm about a hundred miles out of Johannesburg, where they spend as much time as his business interests will permit. Like many other friends I met out here, the Barlows will be over in England for a visit this summer, his eldest son having just gone up to his old College, Caius College at Cambridge.

Their other guests dining that evening were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Rudd, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Sava Panitza—who used to live in Paris and now, like so many others I met, enjoy living in South Africa—and Mr. and Mrs. Garth Trace, who earlier that day had given a most enjoyable luncheon party at the Polo Club, when their guests included Mr. Harry Oppenheimer, Mr. Alexander Guinness who was staying with him, Mrs. Warwick Bryant, Mr. Tony Wilson, Mrs. Bill Pocock, and Mr. and Mrs. Vladkyin.

The *braaivleis* was the greatest fun, and very gay. It was organized by Mr. Robin Wilson and his very attractive young cousin, Miss Caroline Wilson, in the very large stable yard of the Wilsons' home, The Paddocks, Indiana, which has an archway entrance and a large tree in the middle of the brick-paved yard. The ping-pong table had very cleverly been laid on top of the drinking trough under this tree to form a table on which was laid a cold buffet, including fruit salad that looked most picturesque, arranged in large water melons. Three braziers burnt brightly on one side of the yard, where guests grilled

their chops, steaks, or sausages over the open fire on long toasting forks.

Among the young guests I met enjoying this very amusing and informal party, which ended up with dancing to a gramophone in the large living-room of Robin Wilson's flat which adjoins the stables, were Mr. David Ramsey, who left the Regular Army to come out here to work for a firm three years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Talbot-Ponsonby, Mr. Anthony Potter, who had just returned from Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. David Vetch, Miss Bridget Flather, recently back from school in Switzerland, Mr. Anthony Haig, Miss Elizabeth Shaffer, just returned from a year in England and on the Continent, and Miss Vivien More. At the beginning of the party, some of the hunters were looking out of their loose-boxes with interest at this unusual spectacle, and were fed with lettuce from the bowls of salad, but the young host wisely closed their doors before long, so that they could have their night's rest.

DURING my stay I visited Fraser's Store in Johannesburg—this firm, which was founded many years ago by members of the Fraser family, who still take a very active part in running the business (Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., is the present chairman), has about a hundred branches throughout Basutoland, the Free State and the Transvaal.

They cater almost entirely for the coloured people and have in stock everything imaginable from luggage, kitchen equipment, saddles and bridles, to underwear, dresses and men's clothes, including bright waistcoats, trilby hats and the long coloured feathers worn by some of the tribesmen. What interested me most were the Basuto blankets which the coloured men and women in parts of Africa wear. These are made in a very wide variety of shades and designs, ranging from Spitfires, wild animals, stripes or circles, to modern cubist patterns. Many of these have to be changed and redesigned annually, as the natives demand the very latest fashions, just as any London or Paris hostess demands of Christian Dior or Balenciaga!

A limited number of these blankets, which are made in pure wool, rayon or a mixture, are manufactured in England and Scotland, but most of them are made in Harrismith. Mr. Lee, who took me round the store, told me they sold on an average about half a million each year. When I inquired about rather unusual off-white blankets of an exceptionally large size, but with no design, I learnt that they are bought by the older men from Pondoland, who often dip them in red ochre.

★ ★ ★

I LEFT the Union full of enthusiasm for the little I had seen of this vast country and its warm-hearted and charming inhabitants, so many of whom had given me such a wonderful welcome. I now look forward to returning there another year, I hope not too far in the future. I spent a few days in Southern Rhodesia, then flew home in one of B.O.A.C.'s new Britannia turbo-prop airliners, when among my fellow-passengers were that leader of the insurance world, Sir Brian Mountain, chairman of the Eagle Star Company, who had been on a business trip in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, and left the plane at Nairobi to fulfil more appointments, and Mr. Harry Grenfell, an executive of the Rhodesian branch of the Anglo-American Corporation, who was returning to the London office after nearly twenty years with the firm in Rhodesia.

These new planes, the "Whispering Giants" of the air, are certainly the last word in luxury, and give one a standard of speed and comfort never before dreamt of. It was difficult to believe, sitting in the plane, that we were travelling at nearly four hundred miles an hour. I found the air conditioning, too, so much better than in other planes, and never once did the atmosphere become stuffy. The staff to look after the comfort of passengers showed (as always on this line) the highest standard of efficiency, and were all weathered travellers. Our steward for the first part of the journey, Hemming, a great character, has been with the company twenty-three years, and his successor Marlow, who took over at Nairobi, had done about twelve years with B.O.A.C.; while our three charming, attractive and attentive stewardesses on the run, Miss Annette Boileau, Miss Patsy Butts and Miss Lily Watkins, has none of them had less than five years' experience.

As on the outward journey, I had a wonderful night's sleep on a soft and restful "slumberette," arriving at Rome in the early morning. I left Salisbury one afternoon at 3 p.m. local time (two hours ahead of ours), and was in my office by 1.30 p.m. the following day, having had time to go home and have a bath and change first. These planes, which now operate regularly three times a week to South Africa, and will soon be on a regular service to Australia; will do a lot to bring these parts of the Commonwealth nearer to the Mother Country.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that the London Hunt Ball is to take place at Hurlingham on April 4. As this is the evening of the second Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace, it is also a splendid chance for families with débutante daughters to make up parties to finish off in a happy way a memorable and wonderful day. Tickets for the ball from Miss Diana Crossman, 14 Montagu Street, W.1, or her brother Mr. Derek Crossman, 35 Thompsons Lane, Cambridge.



Van Hallan

Lady Eccles opened a fashion parade held by the Women's Divisional Committee of the Holborn and St. Pancras South Conservative Association at the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place. Above: A model displays a dress by Horrockses

The Hon. Lady Lowson with Lady Pascoe

Mrs. Nigel Miskin with Mrs. George Sprunt



Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft and Lady Eccles

Mrs. John Hare with Mrs. John Profumo



*Capt. Laurie Barrington and Lady Sibell Rowley,
M.F.H. of the Ledbury Hunt*



*Miss Pat Smythe with Mr. Mark Philips had come
together in the same party*

*Miss Patricia Swinley and
Mr. Malcolm Tarlton*

*Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, M.F.H.,
and Mrs. T. C. J. Owen*



*Mr. Peter Mayhew taking refreshment with
Miss Janet Unwin*

THE COTSWOLD HUNT BALL

A MOST successful ball was held by the Cotswold Hunt at the Queen's Hotel, Cheltenham, when over 350 guests enjoyed themselves greatly. The dancing went on until after three o'clock, when reluctant farewells were said

Photographs by P. C. Palmer



*Mr. P. H. M. Nelson, Mr. L. Carey, Mrs. Nelson and
Mrs. Carey were in a group together*



*Mr. Ian Henderson with Mrs.
J. Staniland*



*Miss D. Kennedy and Mr. D.
Barrington-Browne*



Betty Swadlow

A Master of the Belvoir with his family

LT.-COL. J. R. HANBURY, who is a joint-M.F.H. of the Belvoir Hunt, is seen in this photograph with his wife and their two sons, Timothy and Joss. Their home is Burley Hall, Rutland, an eighteenth-century building which retains some even earlier architectural vestiges. It has a hundred rooms, including a beautiful ballroom with a painted ceiling and marble colonnades. The house possesses the largest forecourt in England. During the war it became a hospital, and recently Col. Hanbury and his wife took in more than a hundred Hungarian refugees

Lisbon

THIS GRACIOUS capital will most certainly provide the Queen with many happy memories after her State Visit of February 18-21



The splendid palace of Queluz outside Lisbon



*Elfer
A detail of the stonework on the tower of Belem*

A typical picturesque street in old Lisbon



THE introduction to Lisbon by sea is a memorable one, for this most gloriously situated of Europe's capitals lies hummocked along the banks of the Tagus, the waters of which, crowded with small craft of all kinds, evoke the atmosphere of Canaletto or, perhaps a closer comparison, that rather less precise Venetian painter Francesco Guardi. Looking on the scene one realizes that colour and outlines can have changed little since Pombal rebuilt the ruined city after its destruction in the disastrous earthquake of just two centuries ago. The waterfront centres on the Terreiro do Paço, the elegant green-and-white eighteenth-century square that faces open to the river shipping, while behind it the thin mist of summer heat gently veils the rectilinear grid of streets lying between the flanking twin hills of the Ajuda and the Alfama, where winding cobbled lanes and stairways teem with a life hardly changed by the passing of the centuries.

You come down from the steep hillsides into modern Lisbon, into the sedate and almost Edwardian shopping streets that debouch into the square known as the Rossio, a rallying-point of the raucous traffic before it gathers itself for the wide, tree-lined Avenida da Liberdade, a central boulevard that neatly bisects the new city. Now, while the urge remains strong, you should find the Museum of the Janelas Verdes, the national art gallery, which houses the wonderful fifteenth-century triptych which was among the treasures brought to London in 1955.

A FEW hundred yards away is the monastery church of São Jerónimo, the *chef d'oeuvre* of the curious style known as the Manueline. Its bizarre flamboyance is decorative rather than architectural and will be seen at its fullest flowering in the interior of the great nave, where the carved detail of the limestone pillars and roof vaulting is sculptured in high relief to represent naturalistic and marine motives, fantastic tropical fruits, roots and tree trunks, foliage and branches, ropes and anchors.

The attractive seaside resort of Estoril, fifteen miles away, makes an appeal to many, and you may well choose to spend your stay here, for by doing so you avoid the noise and heat of the city.

Estoril, facing due south across the estuary of the Tagus, has a gloriously sunny climate all the year round and as late as November I have been able to breakfast on my balcony wearing only pyjamas and the lightest of dressing-gowns. There are several excellent hotels here, a good beach and first-class bathing facilities, golf-course, a famous casino, night-clubs, restaurants, and every amenity the pleasure-seeker can want. The place for quietness is the fishing village of Cascais, where many people

have their summer villas but where there is neither hotel nor *pension* of any repute, though this may have been remedied since I was last there. You can in any case stay only a mile or less away at Monte Estoril, which frankly I prefer to the more built-up part of the resort.

In addition to being only thirty minutes by electric train from the centre of Lisbon, Estoril makes a very convenient centre from which to explore the many other places of interest round the city.

NEAR the city is the ancient town of Cintra, nine miles from Estoril, and another place in which you might consider staying, for the sylvan beauty of its surroundings is most restful. There are some pleasantly unpretentious small hotels and *pensions*, which are, of course, rather less expensive than at Estoril, though actually hotel prices in Portugal are strictly controlled and what is apt to top up your bill are "extras." Yet if you can avoid too many of these you will live well for somewhere in the region of thirty shillings a day. For instance, my hotel in Estoril, where I had a room with bath, private balcony overlooking the sea, and all meals, cost me 27s. 6d. a day, plus the usual fifteen per cent for service and taxes, and it is, I am told, possible to find a pleasant *pension* for no more than 15s.

Eating out, too, is not expensive on the whole, but it is wiser to stick to Portuguese food and the restaurants that serve it, as imitation French food is apt to be both heavy and expensive, a melancholy combination. For typical Portuguese cuisine try such taverns as Adega Machado or A Tipoia, which are like Spanish *fondas* or Roman *trattorie* in their atmosphere, and where you will hear the *fado* sung by local performers. Also in Lisbon, Tavares in the Rua da Misericórdia or Aquario in the Rua Jardim do Regedor are well known though rather expensive, and in Estoril the

English Bar, paradoxically, is noted for good food. The Fim do Mundo at Cascais is also excellent, while at the nearby Boca do Inferno, a spectacular chasm of sea foam which is one of the sights of the district, there is an extraordinary sea-food restaurant eerily sited in the natural caves below the level of the cliffs. Two tips worth remembering are that in restaurants the *à la carte* menu nearly always lists half-portions as well as whole ones and that the latter are usually enormous; secondly that wines are both good and very cheap but that you are advised not to drink port, which being associated, I suppose, with foreigners, is quite unreasonably expensive. But there is an exception to this in the Port Institute run by the growers themselves, where you may learn all about the making and history of the wine, and afterwards enjoy a session in a bar where all the finest vintages are available by the glass at very modest cost.

FROM London Airport to Lisbon by B.E.A. Viscount takes only three hours, the return fare being £69 15s., on which you can save £14 17s. by spending an hour and a quarter longer on a tourist-class DC4 of Portuguese Airways. By train the second-class return fare is now just over £30, but with sleepers and other incidentals of land travel, saving on the air fare might be marginal, and the journey time of forty-eight hours could be less tediously spent on going by sea. There are frequent sailings from London and Southampton by liners belonging to a number of steamship companies, among them the Royal Mail, Blue Star and Ellerman lines, the two-to-three-day voyage costing from about £27, £17 and £10 single, according to class.

—Richard Graham

One of the lovely views of the capital over the blue Tagus



THE TACITUS OF OUR TIME

SIR ARTHUR BRYANT, SC.B.E., LL.D., is an historian with the supreme and invaluable gift of combining fine writing with a scholar's knowledge and research, in books which are as fascinating to the layman as to the student. His latest work "The Turn Of The Tide," founded on the wartime diaries of Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, was published by Collins this month. This photograph was taken at his home in Dorset



Clayton Evans

Roundabout

● Cyril Ray

EVERYBODY I know has had, is having or—no doubt—soon will be having a cold. While frail and elderly folk are blessing the mild early spring for unaccustomed freedom from their expected attacks of pneumonia and bronchitis, it seems that the younger and more active citizenry must blame the same unseasonably soft weather for their sneezes and snufflings, their streaming eyes and sodden handkerchiefs.

It used to be thought that hard weather bred hardy men. That incurable romantic, Kingsley, cherished delusions about the wild north-easter, which he hailed as a jovial wind of winter, claiming that "'tis the hard grey weather breeds hard English men." And Mussolini had crackpot notions of somehow changing the Italian climate for the worse in order to change the Italian character for the better.

What nonsense it all is! As if Garibaldi should have been a craven for having been bred under a sunny Mediterranean sky, or the English stock less virile when acclimatized through many a generation to the mild climate of New Zealand and New South Wales.

No, I don't think there is much to be said for a harder winter than we've been having—only that hard frosts might have been easier on our antrums and sinuses than the soft rain and mild sunshine that have been so conducive both to crocuses and to colds in the head.

I FOUND myself staying overnight at a vast provincial hotel a few days ago—expensive and disagreeable—but my opinion of it rose for a moment when, in the morning, I found "Pure Natural Unfermented Fruit Juice" at the top of the breakfast menu.

One sip, and I complained to the waitress: "But this isn't fresh!"

"Oh, no, sir: it's tinned."

"Then why describe it like this on the menu?"

"Because that's what it says on the label, sir."

And she brought the tin to prove it.

★ ★ ★

OF a pile of books on my desk, all about seafaring and sailormen, one is C. S. Forester's epic history of *The Naval War Of 1812*, in which the young United States challenged the greatest naval power in the world, and gave birth to a tradition of gallantry and resource still potent in the navy that has succeeded Britain's as the biggest of modern times.

How many of America's romantic historical anecdotes and sayings date from that conflict that is so little remembered on this side of the Atlantic! From the dying Lawrence's cry of "Don't give up the ship!" on board the crippled Chesapeake (the only verbal souvenir of the war that we have on our side

concerns the same battle between the Chesapeake and the Shannon:

"Oh, the Chesapeake so bold,
Out of Boston, I am told,
Came to take a British frigate, neat and handy-o!"

to the American captain Perry's triumphant but dignified report that "we have met the enemy and they are ours." And greatest of all legacies, of course, the words of "The Star Spangled Banner," written by a young American lawyer, detained on a British ship, his heart high to see the Stars and Stripes still flying at dawn from the fort that the ship had been bombarding through the night. But sung, I am always amused to recall, to an English tune, and the tune of a drinking song, at that.

ANOTHER of the books that have brought a whiff of sea air to play gustily around my urban desk is Donald Forbes's *Two Small Ships*, which is about a couple of destroyers he sailed in—in one of them as part of the fleet that covered the North African landings. I was there myself, as it happens, in the flagship, and I was glad to be reminded of that mild Mediterranean night when we landed at Algiers, and of the dolphins, and their phosphorescent wakes, that once fooled a friend of mine into thinking we were being torpedoed.

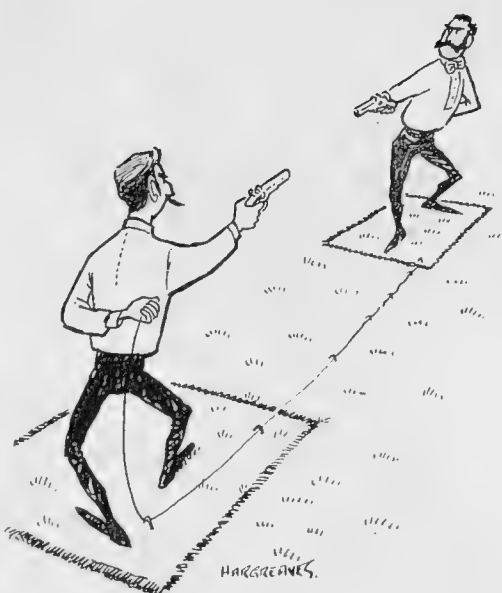
It is an earlier great war that is dealt with in the Hoehlings' account of *The Last Voyage Of The Lusitania*, torpedoed in 1915, and in a most moving and exciting book what moved me most was a picture: one of the illustrations is of passengers on the boat deck, waving their little flags of farewell as the great liner left New York Harbour. One of these anonymous faces of forty years ago is that of a girl, partly lit by the May sunshine, partly shaded by the vast beehive toque of the time, swathed in veiling. She is prettily plump in her neatly tailored suit, her face round, her nose, I think, a little tip-tilted, her mouth generous, her eyes large and serene.

It is an appealing face altogether, very young, very fresh, very American. And it has stayed in my mind's eye for days now. Did she meet her death, this pretty girl whose name I shall never know, that summer afternoon off the Irish coast? Or is she an old lady now, who recalls now and again, that she was once in a famous shipwreck—and young and pretty once, too, wearing a beehive toque swathed in veiling, and waving a little stars-and-stripes flag from the boat deck of a luxury liner?

★ ★ ★

ALL of which talk about ships and the sea reminds me that there ought to be a wider circulation for the verse contributed to *Isis*, ninety years ago, by the late, great A. E. Housman, and quoted from memory recently to the *Manchester Guardian* by his brother Laurence. They have never been included in the collected verses of the author of "A Shropshire Lad."

BRIGGS



The ditty is about a gallant sailor-boy who is wooed by "a skimpy little mermaid" who "came swimming o'er the sea" and whose proposal and its rejection are recorded in the last two of the four tripping verses:

She opened conversation, very cleverly she thought.

"Have you spliced the capstan-jib, my boy?

Is the tarpaulin taut?"

The sailor-boy was candid, he let his mirth appear:

He did not strive to hide his smile: he grinned from ear to ear.

She noticed his amusement, and it gave her feelings pain.

And her tail grew still more skimpy, as she began again.

"Oh will you come and live with me? And you shall have delight

In catching limpets all the day, and eating them all night.

And lobsters in abundance in the palace where I am;

And I will come and be thy bride, and make thee sea-weed jam."

The sailor-boy did one eye shut, and then did it unclose;

And with solemnity he put his thumb into his nose;

And said: "Be bothered if I do, however much you sing;

You flabby little, dabby little, wetty little thing!"

I would wager that if these verses were the subject of a guessing competition to establish their provenance, their real author would be among the last three chosen.

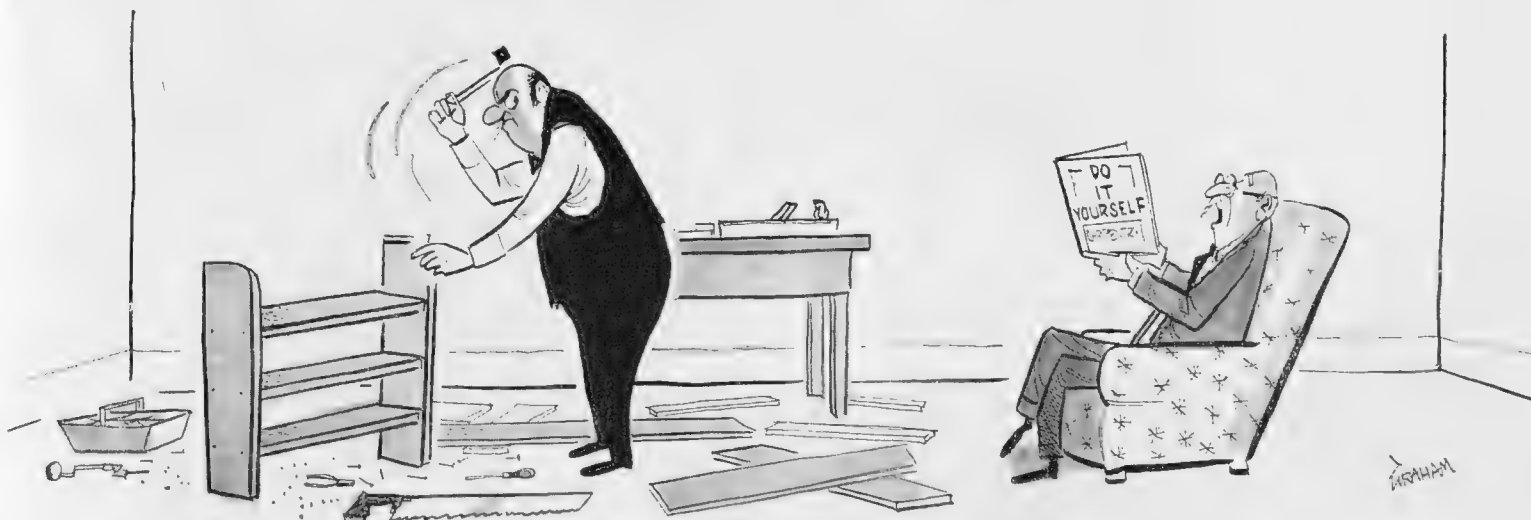
★ ★ ★

CHANCE gives some of us claims to distinction that money couldn't buy, nor rank inherit. A man I know in the Foreign Office—senior enough now to be in the entourage when distinguished foreign visitors pay official visits—was taking a Saturday afternoon walk, some ten years or so ago, near his home in Kensington, dressed in a tweed coat and flannel trousers, when he was politely accosted by a policeman, and invited to take part in an identity parade: a taxi-driver was being asked to pick out a personable young man, similarly dressed.

Not without the customary tremors which beset the innocent in such circumstances, however conscious they may be of helping forward the majestic processes of the law, he consented.

As a result of that incident of ten years ago, together with the personal contacts arising out of his more recent professional duties, he was able to say to a visiting country cousin the other day, who had insisted on being shown around Madame Tussaud's: "Yes, I'd say that that's quite a good one of Bulganin, though I don't think Krushchev has quite come off. But they've got the arrogance of Neville Heath to a T." And then at the look of surprise and, indeed, incredulity, on his companion's face, "But I assure you: I do know what I'm talking about: I've rubbed shoulders—literally rubbed shoulders—with all three in the flesh."

by Graham





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Miss Rosemary Angell-James and Mr. Ian Fergie-Woods, the bridegroom's brother and best man



Capt. B. C. Webster in conversation with Miss Elizabeth Waldron Smithers

Lórd Rideau, Irish Guards, and Mr. John Daniel

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Browne ready for the toasts

A TOWER WEDDING

THE marriage of Mr. David Fergie-Woods and Miss Elizabeth Prynne (above) was celebrated in the Tower of London in the Chapel Royal of St. Peter-ad-Vincula, its first wedding since 1953

Capt. and Mrs. Ronald Hedley with their son Adrian, who was a page



Dr. and Mrs. Fergie-Woods, parents of the bridegroom

Major and Mrs. Redvers Prynne, parents of the bride

A. V. Swaabe

DINNER IN PARK LANE

THE English Speaking Union of the Commonwealth gave a dinner at the Dôrchester, at which the guests of honour were General Lauris Norstad, the new Supreme Allied Commander, and his wife



Lady Ismay in conversation with the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan

Mme. Prebensen was in company with Mme. Hasselman

Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Duncan Sandys and Mr. Patrick Stirling



Van Hallan

General Norstad with Countess Alexander of Tunis, Mrs. Norstad and Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis

Lady McCarthy, the Hon. Walworth Barbour and Sir Edwin McCarthy



Lady Knatchbull-Hugessen with the Earl of Swinton



Earl Attlee, Chairman of the Dinner, was with Lady Attlee



The Bluebell Girls, successive troupes of whom have for thirty years been the Paris Lido's main attraction, frequently come from Britain

Priscilla in Paris

THE PAGODA LOOK CROWNED THE COLLECTIONS

“ONCE more into the breach dear friends, once more. . . .” The breach was far less than the inches that span the still fashionable waist, but two dear friends made it! They were late arrivals and they crowded their dimpled persons into the narrow space that remained in the front row at Mademoiselle Chanel’s first showing of her spring collection.

(Here I open a parenthesis to state that “Mademoiselle Chanel” is the great *couturière’s* correct title. To call her “Coco Chanel” is an unpardonable liberty and “Madame” is almost a pleonasm.)

Earlier and earlier every winter begins the hectic fortnight that precedes fashion’s springtide casting of clouts. At these affairs the front row is reserved for those star fashion writers I so greatly admire, not only for their sartorial erudition but also for their altruism in praising garments they would not dream of wearing themselves. One of the most competent fashion critics I have ever met was faithful all her life to the starched shirt-waists and trim suits that she wore in her high-school days. . . .

It is said that cobblers also are ill-shod. As the years pass one discovers that many of these sayings are true; whether one is amused or disconcerted by such discoveries depends upon one’s age.

AT Chanel’s it is pleasant to be at that satisfactory age, the early thirties, when one is able—and eager—to step into the simple, supple, easy-to-wear garments that first made her reputation “between the two wars.” Hence the presence of Jeanne Moreau, who caterwauls so alluringly on the *Hot Tin Roof* that Tennessee Williams and Peter Brook have set up at the Théâtre Antoine. This suggests that additional dressing—for the street—will follow the successful way Chanel undressed her for the roof! The famous dress designer is also an expert hair-stylist if one may

judge by Jeanne Moreau’s new hair-do. The gorgeous, shoulder-length, auburn locks that the actress has worn till recently have been trimmed to a short, windblown thatch. She looks charming, but it was rather a shock to her leading *vis-à-vis*. Paul Guers had not been warned of the change in her appearance. “It makes a chap feel all miscast and Delilah-ish!” he complained.

THOUGH I have been present at many dress shows in my time, I have never acquired the correct jargon of “fashionese”; but I think it is safe to say that this season Dior’s “line” may be described as “Liberty” line or, in other words, wear-what-you-wish. The master evidently has realized that a really well dressed woman never slavishly follows a fad. Everyone will fall for his neat little reefer jackets—worn with a sou’wester—when April showers are here, but nobody will want to squeeze their extremities into the elongated, needle-pointed shoes that his lovely mannequins are wearing.

Jeanne Lanvin-Castello’s devotees are taken to Japan. Lacquered coiffures are stabbed with decorative pins, pagoda sleeves are seen on tailored suits and simple frocks are enriched with embroidered sashes reminding one of the Japanese “obi.” Great use is made of a new material named “widow’s crepe,” which is a chill-making suggestion for warm days. These glimpses were caught at a private show when the crush was so great that even the marquise de Polignac only found a seat on the floor. It must be added that the Lanvin-Castello cushions are the comfiest that I know of.

Lac des singes

- It is when one tries to be clever that one realizes how clever other people are.

Armed for battle with the Cresta

Major R. D. Wilson with
Lt.-Col. Bill Mather

Lt.-Col. David Smiley and
Mr. Theo Dampney

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The Hon. B. L. Bathurst, Q.C.,
with sons David and Christopher

The Hon. Derek and Mrs. Derek
Moore-Brabazon, and Ivon



Dr. R. H. Schloss

Also at St. Moritz were Mrs. John de Laszlo with her
sons Giles and Hugo Townsend

PRINCESS MARLA-GABRIELLA and her sister Princess
Maria-Beatrice were having hilarious fun sleigh-riding
in Switzerland



At the Theatre

TCHEKOV MIGRATES TO THE DEEP SOUTH

Anthony Cookman

Drawings by Glan Williams

"THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING" (Royal Court Theatre). Looking like Miss Mary Martin about to shampoo, Frankie (Geraldine McEwan) is an American adolescent who doesn't "belong." She tries (below) joining the eponymous wedders in an outrageous dress which startles cook Berenice (Bertice Reading). Right, she gets a wigging while prissy cousin John Henry (John Hall) gives her an old-fashioned look



NINE out of ten new seasons' plays on Broadway, according to Mr. Walter Kerr, are either imitation Ibsen or imitation Tchekov. The critic, naturally, is uneasy about a stage that is living on other people's styles, but his long-term uneasiness need not come between us and our enjoyment of *The Member Of The Wedding*. This is an uncommonly good specimen of American Tchekov. It creates an atmosphere and makes a point: the style may be borrowed, but the idiom is its own. The performance at the Royal Court is not altogether satisfactory. Miss Carson McCuller's play, I suspect, is too American; the actors—and perhaps the audience—are too English; but the attempt was well worth making, and the result, with all its shortcomings, should certainly be seen.

To describe the piece as a study of growing pains in an adolescent girl of twelve, as it has been described, is to miss out an important part of what Miss McCuller is trying to say.



The sense of "not belonging" is her full theme, and she is careful to see that the spectacular agonizings of the unloved child shall be brought into salutary contrast with the unspectacular workings of the same loneliness in a warmly human Negress, the cook. We are often touched by the child's absurd desperation in face of troubles that are in their nature transitory; but more moving in the end is the older woman's staunch and uncomplaining acceptance of a condition of life that must be permanent. At any moment some intimate of her own colour may do something which will get him lynched by the masters it is her thankless lot to serve.

THE sense of "not belonging" is bad enough when it springs from personal relations which we may with luck or good management adjust for ourselves.

It is unfortunately more poignant if it is born of racial relations about which no single person can do anything. This, I take it, is the point of Miss McCuller's play, and I had the feeling on the first night that it never quite got home to the audience.

Most of the blame, I am afraid, must fall on whoever cast Miss Geraldine McEwan for the heroine. Miss McEwan, who hitherto has specialized in engagingly pert little innocents, spares herself and her appearance nothing in an all out attempt on a part of real difficulty. One admires the gallantry and the sincerity of the attempt; but, alas, it just does not come off. Narrowly, but decisively, she misses both what is comic and what is pathetic in the character. The consequence is that the girl ceases to be a human personality in the throes of growth and becomes merely a psychological case with little emotional appeal. There grows up a tedium which plainly is no part either of Miss McCuller's vigorous writing nor of Mr. Tony Richardson's no less vigorous handling of the company.

AND the play's final irony becomes hard to recognize. The girl's struggle out of the fiercely private world of childhood is so painful that she feels that she will never succeed in establishing an identity of her own, not one, at any rate, that other people will take seriously. It seems to her that her brother, by marrying a wife she, too, loves, has solved her problem as well as his own. She sees herself as the third member of the wedding and also of the honeymoon, belonging at last. It is her hurt surprise at the embarrassment which her assumption causes that precipitates an emotional crisis so violent that she emerges from it a young woman—a rather dreadful young woman. We have not cared sufficiently for the little girl to be much surprised at the young woman she has turned into, and our want of surprise affects the unspectacular pathos of the Negress's continuing loneliness.

This is in no way attributable to Miss Bertice Reading. She gives a splendid account of the coloured woman's irrepressible richness of nature, with a beautiful suggestion of the moral staunchness underlying its chuckling bawdiness and of the sadness beneath the readiness to be merry. The maddening little boy from next door is made entirely credible and somehow sympathetic by a child actor, John Hall, said to be only thirteen years old. If only for these two performances a brave venture should be given support.



LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS

EDWIGE FEUILLERE, whose superb acting has drawn tears from the most embittered cynic and rapturous applause from the sourest dramatic critics, has become a legend. On March 4 Peter Daubeny presents La Compagnie Edwige Feuillere at the Palace Theatre for a short season, the four plays in the repertoire being "La Dame Aux Camelias," Racine's "Phedre," "La Parisienne," and Merimee's "Le Carrosse Du Saint-Sacrement." Seen here in the role of the tragic lady of the camelias, Mlle. Feuillere is herself the producer of this play



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PROUD MOMENT: THE ELITE AT CRUFT'S

SPRUCED up with all the fastidious care of a star preparing for a million dollar musical, the best dogs in the world prepare to conquer. Top dog this year (above), receiving

the Supreme Champion of the Show Cup from Lorna Countess Howe, is Keeshond Ch. Volkrijk of Vorden, owned by Mrs. L. M. Tucker. Right, a view of the judges' ring at Olympia



*Mrs. Sheila Devitt arriving with her four Carloway
Afghan hounds*



*Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay
with her three Chihuahuas*

*Mrs. J. E. Littmoden's dachshund
miniature Flower of Wendlitt*



*Best Samoyed, Mrs. J. M. Newbold's
Ch. Snowlammias Larna*



*Elkay Meryl, best Welsh Corgi of
Mr. H. K. Lockyer*



Mr.





Borzoi being admired by Mr. and Mrs. Derek Stanley Smith



Mrs. E. H. Buckley and Mrs. H. Cox Spilbury



Princesse de Saskouris with the third prize beagle

Francis's Empire Sensational, Craft's Cup winning terrier



Ch. Pierre of Kurraba, champion Japanese of Mrs. Batterbury



Miss P. M. Grey's was the best rough-haired collie





REVELATIONS about the life of a deceased radio star come from Carol Larson (Julie London) as she is expertly interrogated by Joe Harris (Jose Ferrer) in *The Great Man*



ACTION DOMINATES *The Secret Place*, a thriller hinging on a diamond burglary in Hatton Garden, in which young Michael Brooks (above) has an important part

At the Pictures

Elsbeth Grant

A BITING SATIRE ABOUT TRANSATLANTIC RADIO

RUFFLED as we sometimes may be—and I, for one, will frankly admit that on occasion I am—by American pronouncements which seem unkindly to criticize us, let us take comfort in this thought: they never criticize us one half as savagely as they criticize themselves, when they get around to it. Hollywood has, in the past few years, soundly trounced American big business, local politics, the prison system, the medical profession and even the army. Now, in *The Great Man*, it takes an almighty swipe at American radio—and to such effect that I imagine even the most insensitive persons connected with the racket (for that's what it appears to be) must be smarting somewhat.

Herb Fuller, star of Amalgamated Broadcasting and America's favourite humorist and radio personality, dies as the result of an accident. Mr. José Ferrer, a commentator on the same network, is assigned the task of preparing a grand memorial programme in honour of the great man. Mr. Keenan Wynn, the late Herb's wily manager, sees in Mr. Ferrer a possible successor to his dead client: he induces the innocent fellow to sign a personal contract with him, which will give him the bulk of the profits if Mr. Ferrer lands the job.

As a preliminary to the memorial programme, a lying-in-state ("like in . . . whatsa place . . . ? like in Westminster Abbey") is arranged. A temporary chapel, complete with stained-glass windows, is run up in a derelict theatre; thousands file past the lily-strewn coffin—and Mr. Ferrer glumly traipses among them with a tape-recorder, collecting tributes.

Skilfully edited, with a strict disregard for truth, these are amazingly effective—but much more is needed: a deeply moving "portrait in sound," in fact. Eager to make the portrait accurate,

Mr. Ferrer delves into Herb's past—leaving no stone unturned in the hope that no tear will remain unshed.

He interviews a once popular, now alcoholic, singer (Miss Julie London), who tells him how Herb Fuller invented, boosted, seduced, and subsequently—career-wise—ruined her. He meets the slightly absurd, gentle Mr. Beaseley (touchingly played by Mr. Ed Wynn) who gave the dear boy his first chance on his own modest radio network—and had his broadcasting studio completely wrecked by way of thanks.

By such researches Mr. Ferrer learns that the public's darling was in private an absolute stinker. Still, he urges, Fuller risked his life in the front line during the war, when he made that splendid and wonderfully successful appeal for blood donors—so he *was* capable of a noble deed. Mr. Keenan Wynn smartly scotches *that* story: Herb was enjoying himself in Paris when Mr. Wynn made the front-line recording.

Since his job depends upon it, Mr. Ferrer nevertheless writes a highly eulogistic piece about Fuller and would doubtless have delivered it but for a hint of double-crossing blandly dropped by his boss (Mr. Dean Jagger). With, as it now transpires, nothing to lose, Mr. Ferrer goes on the air to blow the gaff on the great man, thus, heaven help us, establishing himself as Mr. Integrity, the new celebrity.

Mr. Ferrer, looking as sour as a quince, has competently directed this well-written, well-acted, bitter, witty eye-opener which, if it does nothing else, should make you feel quite affectionate towards the good old B.B.C. where all is harmony, sweetness and light. *I think.*



WALT DISNEY'S *Fantasia* is at Studio One tomorrow in Superscope and full stereophonic sound. Above is the unicorn and its young, from the Pastoral Symphony cartoon

A LADY who has hitherto been nothing to me but a beautiful blonde—Miss Belinda Lee—is now an actress; in *The Secret Place*, a jolly good British thriller, she gives a really interesting performance as a Cockney kiosk-girl on whom a policeman's fourteen-year-old son, Master Michael Brooke, has a schoolboy "crush." To help her smart spiv boy-friend, Mr. Ronald Lewis, pull off a most ingeniously planned jewel robbery, Miss Lee makes use of the trusting youngster: since she is, despite everything, a girl with a conscience, she is bound to suffer for this betrayal of innocence.

The jewel robbery, carried out by Mr. Lewis and his partner, Mr. Michael Gwynn (a highly-strung gentleman in reduced circumstances), provides ten minutes of tension so acute that I almost suffered a heart attack: it is the best thing in its kind since *Rififi*. Mr. Clive Donner, directing for the first time, has also extracted considerable excitement from the final, rather more conventional, pursuit sequence—though, watching Master Brooke and Mr. Lewis climbing frantically up a metal meshwork of scaffolding, I couldn't help feeling it's about time the flat season for fugitives started.

MISS DEBBIE REYNOLDS and her husband, Mr. Eddie Fisher, co-star with Mr. Adolfe Menjou in *Bundle Of Joy*—and are the chief reason why the younger generation will flock to the film. Old fogies like myself, who recognize it as a musical re-make of *Bachelor Mother*, in which Miss Ginger Rogers, Messrs. David Niven and Charles Coburn charmed us, back in 1939, will be able to restrain our enthusiasm. But then we, perhaps, do not dote on Mr. Fisher's discs or care for rock 'n' roll—and song and dance numbers are decidedly a feature of this new production.

Miss Reynolds plays the shopgirl who picks up a discarded baby and finds herself stuck with it. Her predicament has its advantages: her young employer (Mr. Fisher) and his father (Mr. Menjou), having drawn their own individual but equally erroneous conclusions, display the most gratifying solicitude towards the lucky girl. I found it (despite regretful backward glances) moderately entertaining.



FROM A GUTTER TO GRANDEUR

IN *Anastasia*, Ingrid Bergman plays an outcast of the streets who is taken up by a Russian adventurer (a role taken by Yul Brynner) and made to impersonate a Grand Duchess of the Imperial family, heiress to an immense fortune

Book Reviews

A GALE-FORCE TALENT

N. BRYSSON MORRISON's new novel, *The Other Traveller* (Hogarth Press, 13s. 6d.) is likely to be an event in her own country—where she has been already acclaimed as “a major force if not *the* major force in contemporary Scottish literature.” Nor should the book do less well south of the Border. This time, her hero is an Englishman—we are to watch his adjustments to life in the Highlands, and the gradual weaning of his loyalties. But there is more to this remarkable story: in it, the author has come to grips with the rights-and-wrongs involved in divorce.

Dick Sadler, when he leaves London and travels North, is more than taking off for an unknown land. He is a man left with no more to lose—his enterprise and his marriage have both failed. In *The Cherry Pie*, a roadhouse in the south of England, he had invested his hopes, his energies and his capital: he and Vivien, his alluring but tricky wife, had made of the place a meteoric success—good food and drink, atmosphere and good company had, at the outset, gained for *The Cherry Pie* a clientele both numerous and discerning. Then, by degrees but fatally, the tide turned against him. If the decline of the roadhouse could not wholly be traced to the discord between the married couple, it is clear that their quarrels and tension did no good.

IN the worst hour, Vivien had run out to join a man whose name she did not disclose. Dick Sadler, embittered, with empty pockets, has now accepted the first job offered, that of manager to a very remote and ancient Highland fishing hotel, *The Drochet Arms*. With the account of his journey, made agonizing by flashes of memory, the book opens.

The Drochet Arms, with its primitive dignity and old-fashioned comfort, could not be a greater contrast to *The Cherry Pie*. Miss Morrison's evocation of the place itself and the surrounding country is (to at least one reader) well-nigh miraculous. And with equal sureness she introduces elderly Mr. Gunn—the resident proprietor, Dick's employer—and Jenny, the plain, aggressive little receptionist. Jenny proves, alas, only too susceptible. It is when Fiona Thain, the Laird's daughter, walks into the inn one morning that Dick begins to realize what love *could* be. Vivien, who till now has haunted him, comes to be seen in her true light—a false start on his part, a vain attraction.

All the same, is not a marriage a marriage? Uncompromisingly, old Mr. Gunn points out to Dick the path of duty: he *ought* to take Vivien back if she wants to come. And, by every profession, she does now want to—her affair with her lover has disappointed her.

“I've told you I no longer love her,” Dick said flatly.

“But you loved her when you married her,” Mr. Gunn reminded him. “And you married her for better or worse.”

Carefully Dick avoided looking at him.

“Our generation, Vivien's and mine I mean, don't feel bound in the same way as you do,” he said, speaking as casually as he could. “You take things like marriage seriously up here, but down south people are different.”

He heard the chimney-locked oceans, hurricanes of wind, a universe of echoes toppling, circling and spiralling in the hollow vent.

“I would remind you,” said Mr. Gunn, “that you are up here now.”

Only in the last pages does a solution come. . . . N. Brysson Morrison seems to me to combine the best of masculine and feminine qualities in her writing. In fact, her use of an initial instead of a Christian name might easily conceal her sex as an author. Though subtle, when a situation requires, she shows few of the so-called ultra-feminine traits. For one thing, it is (I fear) accepted that women novelists are least successful in their portrayals of men. More than one of the characters in *The Other Traveller* provide remarkable evidence to the contrary.

★ ★ ★

DEREK BARTON's *Good Relations* (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.) deals, again, with a marriage—this one surviving, though at the cost of considerable wear-and-tear. Indeed, the host of anxieties, claims and crises accumulating round Edward and Jane Bancroft have come to be known, in the aggregate, as “The Situation.” This attractive young couple are hard put



THOMAS HINDE has just published his second novel, “Happy As Larry” (Macgibbon and Kee, 15s.). His first, “Mr. Nicholas,” received high praise. In private life Thomas Hinde is Sir Thomas Chitty, Bt.

David Sim

CHARLES MORGAN, whose new novel “Challenge To Venus,” published tomorrow by Macmillans (15s.), seen with his wife Hilda Vaughan, also a novelist. Mr. Morgan's last novel was “Breeze Of Morning”

Mark Gerson





The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
FEB. 20,
1957
335

THIS HEAD OF CLEOPATRA is considered to be her most reliable image. It is an illustration taken from "The Life And Times Of Cleopatra" (Alvin Redman, 25s.), written by Carlo Maria Franzero

to it—over-housed in Kensington (their mortgaged home had been the gift of the bridegroom's father), dropping with tiredness and, worst of all, plagued by relatives. Their series of foreign "helps" do not stay the course. Edward works at publicity for a travel-agency; Jane—poor, charming Jane of the aching feet—is a living and sighing demonstration that "woman's day is never done."

Two children add, if slightly, to the confusion. Edward's emotional mother (what *is* to be done with her?), dear Uncle Binkie, smug, amorous Cousin Roger, sister Sue (no better than she should be) and tract-distributing Cousin Kate present more ever-present problems. . . . *Good Relations* outwardly is a "light" novel, comic in passages to the point of farce, yet at moments disconcertingly serious. Myself, I never was quite sure on *what* level Mr. Barton intended writing. Several scenes of fuss and discomfort proved just too much for me—but out-and-out realism seems sacrificed to the plot's being given often adept, slick turns.

Yet there are observations one must admire: for instance, the Bancrofts' quarrelling on a holiday:

They did not often quarrel like this. Both were too aware of the awful consequences of even momentarily withdrawing a shoulder from the task of pushing their marriage uphill like Sisyphus his stone. Non-co-operation was only to be indulged in at moments of freedom when they particularly desired to enjoy themselves.

★ ★ ★

A FIRST-RATE psychological thriller—origin America, scene Europe; is **The Talented Mr. Ripley**, by Patricia Highsmith (Cresset Press, 15s.). Tom Ripley, a young man of large dreams, small means and no occupation, finds himself entrusted with a delicate mission—well-to-do Mr. and Mrs. Greenleaf, of New York, finance Tom's luxury journey to southern Italy in order that he may contact and bring home their son. Dickie, the expatriate in question, has settled in picturesque Mongibello, not far from Naples: he has declared his intention to be a painter. In vain his place in the New York family business waits.

Tom, once at Mongibello, ingratiates himself into Dickie's favours, thereby ousting Marge, the platonic girl-friend. He shares the good things of life with the rich youth—till, with time, his foothold grows less secure. So, while they are away on a trip, Tom does Dickie in—after which he impersonates him, successfully. So much so that this ceases to be an "act": young Ripley *becomes* young Greenleaf. One slightly threatening moment is staved off by another slaying.

Miss Highsmith has brought off something astonishing. Nothing in *The Talented Mr. Ripley* will strike the average reader as too improbable. And, appalled as one is by Tom's goings-on, he holds one's interest firmly, if not one's sympathies.

—Elizabeth Bowen



Yevonde

MRS. ROBERT HENREY, whose many "Madeleine" books have won for her countless admirers on both sides of the Atlantic, is now at work upon a new book, devoted this time to the tribulations of having an adopted daughter

HANS HABE'S most recent book was "Off Limits" (Harrap, 15s.). Soon to appear will be his autobiography "All My Sins," which will tell of this Hungarian-born American's adventurous life, including a time in the Foreign Legion



Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

THIS season's London Collections show that the top designers have made the most of their opportunities this season. Next week we will show clothes from the Paris Collections. Opposite: Norman Hartnell's strapless short evening dress in black pure silk paper taffeta is ruched and draped, and has a matching full length coat

HAUTE COUTURE IN LONDON



MICHAEL'S drawstring tunic line afternoon dress is in a gay summer print of white and violet blue Ascher silk. Worn with it is a hat by Valerie Brill

HARDY AMIES' slim evening dress in pink re-embroidered Nottingham lace has a sash in pink pure silk satin to match its voluminous jacket



JOHN CAVANAGH'S strapless dinner dress and bolero in white and black spotted pure silk satin has a skirt trimmed in black velvet. Hat by Simone Mirman

RONALD PATERSON'S tunic line dress in fine navy blue alpaca has a crossover fastening under the bust, and a touch of white pique. Hat by Rudolf

John French





THE TREND IS NOW

FOLLOWING last year's trend towards a softer and more feminine silhouette, London clothes continue to be pretty and flattering. Left: From Victor Stiebel, a ginger and white herringbone tweed suit. Hat by Edelle

A stone and grey coloured suit (below left) with straight seven-eighths length coat in wool which has a silken thread. It has a very short, lightly fitting jacket and straight skirt. From Mattli. Hat by Simone Mirman

A cardigan collar suit from Charles Creed (below), in a black and white barleycorn tweed. Designers are giving special attention this year to exciting detail and cut rather than to any particular line or look

A dress and jacket in navy and white tweed from Ronald Paterson (right). The slim scoop necked dress is filled in with a high bib-front of matching navy chiffon. The stunning hat in white perforated silk is by Rudolf



CONFIRMED WITH AUDACITY





*Charm goes
with style*

Designed

JOHN CAVANAGH. This full length strapless evening dress (left) in black Chantilly lace over white tulle has a wide gathered panel sweeping out from the waist

MATTLI. A supremely elegant dress (right) in grey silk jersey draped high under the gathered bust and ending in folds that fall to the ground

*Photographs by
John French*



WORTH. Mushroom-coloured chiffon exquisitely draped is used for a slim evening dress with fine chiffon drape over one shoulder

for evening festivities



DIGBY MORTON. A clinging ankle length sheath dress in pearl-coloured lace and tulle which is draped across the shoulders to form tiny sleeves



VICTOR STIEBEL. A young girl's dream of the perfect ball dress, full length, in smoke blue embroidered organza over white, it has a bouffant skirt



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

RESERVED ELEGANCE

ONE of the most effective styles to adopt is that of simple sophistication, a principle admirably embodied in the design of this two-piece. It is a slender biscuit-coloured dress in cord embroidered shantung. With its wide-dipping U-neckline, it is perfectly combined with a loose flyaway coat in caramel shantung. This material is produced by Courtaulds, and carries their Tested Quality mark. The dress is fully lined, and its price is 12 gns.; the coat 6 gns. Both are by Roecliff & Chapman, and are stocked by Richard Bird of Knightsbridge. Obtainable in other attractive colour combinations. The pixie turban in shades of blue pure silk taffeta which so well sets off the two-piece is a delicious touch of extravagance. Obtainable at Jenny Fischer, 16 Motcomb St., London, S.W.1, it costs 10 gns.



Weapons

DESPITE the allure of the sunny days we have already had—harbingers, we feel, of spring just around the corner—winter is by no means over. Sometimes we have the coldest weather from now until the end of March, and our accessories are chosen to ward off any ill effects besides looking glamorous

—JEAN CLELAND

Left: Cyclamen knitted stole has a fringe interspersed with Lurex thread. It is £6 16s. 6d. and is obtainable from Harrods



Black suede gloves, trimmed Persian lamb, cost £3 9s. 11d. Persian lamb muff is £11 11s. Dickins and Jones



with which to thwart winter's last offensive



Above: Red wool jersey triangular stole with beaded floral design is £3 15s. from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly



Above: Washable pigskin gloves with detachable linings. Cork, beige and natural shades. £2 5s. 6d. Woollands have them

Below: An unusual Dutch cushion tea cosy. It is obtainable from Debenham and Freebody and costs £2 19s. 6d.

Below: Nylon "fur" cape, £6 16s. 6d. Marshall and Snelgrove. Cravat, £3 19s. 6d.; Debenham & Freebody. Sapphire wrap, £19 19s.; Woollands



Beauty

Beware the winds
of March

Jean Cleland



WALKING in London on a cold day last week, I was struck by the different ways in which people take the winter weather. While a few strode out looking happy, healthy and glowing, many less hardy ones huddled into their coats looking—and no doubt feeling—miserable and blue. A tall woman, nearly bent double, passed me, and I heard her say to her friend, "This cold is hateful. I'd like to hibernate until the spring." An attractive idea, but impractical.

Since—except for the odd break here and there—we can get very cold weather in February and March, we might as well make the best of a bad job. Here are a few suggestions as to how this can be done.

Lack of petrol can be turned to good account. Walking in the cold weather may not be as comfortable as riding, but it is considerably better for the health and the looks. To get the greatest benefit, *walk as if you like it*. Cowering before the wind is no good. Keep your head high and your shoulders back. Swing your arms and breathe deeply. By drawing fresh oxygen into the lungs, and sending the blood coursing through the veins, you guard against colds, and keep the extremities warm.

There is a technique with clothes that is important during the cold weather. Try to avoid anything tight in the way of girdles, waistbands, gloves and shoes, as this restricts the circulation. Several layers of light things are much better than heavy ones. Besides being less burdensome, the different layers allow for air in between. A soft woolly jumper with a cardigan on top, for instance, is ideal, because it makes for warmth and comfort. Two pairs of gloves—thin silk underneath the thick ones—are a great help in keeping the hands warm.

For the feet, there are, of course, all manner of lined boots, but for indoors, or occasions when shoes are being worn, try slipping in a pair of insoles. You can get various kinds including some made of Dr. Dols flannel, which are excellent for keeping out the cold.

UNLESS one has central heating, the temptation to huddle over the fire and get as close to it as possible is almost irresistible. But do give a thought to your legs, which can very easily get scorched. When this happens it is very difficult to get rid of the marks, so remember that "prevention is better than cure," and before crouching near the blaze cover them with a long housecoat, or trousers, or a little soft rug. If the scorching has already happened, you will find a mixture of Elizabeth Arden's Healing Cream and 8-hour Cream very soothing and beneficial.

Both these creams are well worth remembering, particularly in the cold weather. The 8-hour is wonderful for the little cold sores or cracks that sometimes affect the lips when one has been out in a harsh wind. It is good, too, for the type of sensitive skin that cannot take the ordinary skin food. Elizabeth Arden experts advise mixing it with a little Velva Cream, and using the two together. Healing Cream is useful for dealing with little dry or scaly patches on the skin, and does just what its name implies. It can also be used to good advantage for healing broken chilblains.

A GREAT deal can be done to prevent chilblains by getting the circulation in good working order at the start of the day. For this a loofah is invaluable. Use it first of all with soap and hot water in the bath—instead of a sponge or toilet glove—and again dipped in cold water before drying. The friction caused by brisk rubbing, and the contrast of the hot and cold water, work like magic for putting the body in a glow. To complete the good work, follow with a few limbering-up exercises.

Unless they receive plenty of attention, hands can easily get rough at this time of year. Dry them thoroughly after washing—even if you are in a hurry—and always apply a hand lotion. Keep some downstairs and some up, and choose something that rubs right in quickly and easily. At night, use a rich hand cream, rubbing it round the cuticles and tips of the nails to prevent splitting. A cream containing lanolin is good because it is highly nutritive.

A golden rule for make-up in the cold weather is to avoid "bluey" tones in rouge and lipstick. Go for the true reds or soft pinks. If you tend to look blue, then choose a shade like Elizabeth Arden's "Rose Aurora" because this has a little yellow which tones down the blueness. Don't forget that you can prevent a shiny nose with Arden's "Noshine." Just a touch of this on the tip under the powder keeps it matt and smooth. Lastly, use a waterproof mascara, so that if the wind brings tears to your eyes, the mascara won't streak. An excellent one of this kind is made by Helena Rubinstein.

If you adopt the measures I have outlined, you will survive this difficult time of the year with confidence in your appearance unimpaired by taking a little more forethought here, a little longer over your choice of cosmetics there, you will be able to outmatch the parching winds and leaden days, and be the envy of all your acquaintances.



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P108

**Do you dread
the cold weather?**

Have you found yourself—lately—feeling the cold perhaps more than you used to? Ever caught yourself thinking that keeping warm was hard enough, but staying smart as well was an uphill struggle? If you have, there's a new kind of nylons in the shops which you ought to look at—Crepe nylons. They have great warmth and comfort: they really do protect your feet and ankles from the cold. At the same time, while they aren't transparent, they have a sleek clinging fit that flatters your legs, and all nylon's springy resistance to everyday stresses and strains. They do cost a little more than ordinary nylons—but they're well worth it.



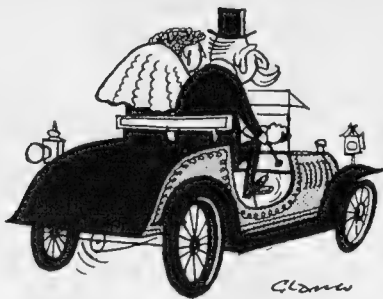
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Motoring

DIAMOND JUBILEE OF THE R.A.C.

CELEBRATIONS to mark the diamond jubilee of the Royal Automobile Club were promised at the beginning of the year and now the form that one of them will take has been announced. It promises to be of great interest, for it will consist of an exhibition of paintings, historical relics, photographs, souvenirs and scale models depicting the panorama of automobile history and called "The age of the motor car."

The exhibition is to be shown in many different towns, including Coventry, Blackpool, Bristol and Brighton, and in London it will be held at the Tea Centre in Regent Street from April 11 to May 4. Among the artists whose work will be shown are Bryan de Grineau, Frank Wootton and, of course, that master of the painting of cars and aeroplanes, Roy Nockolds.

When the Royal Automobile Club was launched it had premises in Whitehall. This, as an R.A.C. news release tells us, was when Queen Victoria still had four more years to live, when the Boer War had not yet begun and when whisky was 3d. a glass! For sixty years the club has increased in size and in authority. Mr. Wilfrid Andrews, Chairman of the R.A.C., said the other day that it was unfortunate that the club's diamond jubilee found British motorists ham-strung by restricted petrol, but he was confident about the future.

Those restricted petrol supplies will have their effect upon the sporting fixtures, but there are good hopes that the more important ones will take place as arranged. We have to thank the R.A.C. again here, for the club's Motor Sport Year Book and Fixture List for 1957 has just appeared. This not only gives the dates of competitions and races, but it also contains much general information. It shows, for instance, that it has been decided to classify turbine-engined cars by weight and that the classes are, A, vehicles weighing over 1,000 kilograms, and, B, vehicles weighing 1,000 kilograms or less.

THE Geneva authorities are probably right in saying that the *Salon International de l'Automobile de Genève* will acquire added importance and interest because of the absence of the Brussels show. The Geneva event is from March 14 to 24 and British participation will be extensive. The Rootes Group is to be well represented. Among other exhibits it will have its team of family cars, the Hillman Minx, the Sunbeam Rapier and the Singer Gazelle. There will be a sectioned working engine of the Singer.

But in general I suppose that shows will suffer from the fuel shortage like competition events. Special allowances to permit the exhibitors to complete their programmes will not be of much help if there are no special allowances for those who wish to attend. It is a problem of the attendances even more than of the events themselves.

And here I must add a word of rebuke to those who have lately been gloating with such unpleasant self-satisfaction over the results of the fuel shortage. Surely decency should restrain them from exhibiting their joy that private motor cars no longer get in the way of their vast and uncomfortable buses and that the already overcrowded railway trains are being more overcrowded. Of course it will be easier for the trains and the buses if the public is forced to use them whether it likes them or

not, but there has been something nauseating about the expressions of delight that we have been given to read and to hear.

I LIKE the new Trico-Folberth car interior thermometer. It is extremely neat, measuring only 2 inches in diameter and weighing only half an ounce, and it costs 15s. 6d. Interior air conditioning is now so complete that measurement of the interior temperature is almost a necessity. Without a thermometer, the heat can be permitted to rise without the difference being noted and there is then—on some occasions—a very real risk of a tired driver dropping off to sleep.

The warmth of the car, and the whole sensation of night driving, combine to cause sleepiness. The first safeguard is a true measure of the temperature so that it is not allowed to rise beyond a certain point. It is not only to safety that the interior thermometer will contribute, but also to interest. Many people keep thermometers in their working rooms, but it seems to me to be even more desirable to have one in the car.

The instrument has a suction cap attachment for fitting to glass or any other smooth surface. Its official title is TRICO TH-200 A.

A HARROWING story was told to me the other day by a driver who had pressed both the brake pedal and the accelerator pedal when he had meant only to press the former. He was wearing shoes with much larger soles than usual and he was driving a car wherein both the pedals were of about the same height and close together. He said that the shock and surprise of finding the car going faster when he had taken the action which he believed would slow it, must be felt to be believed. It is a thing which suggests that great care should be used in siting and arranging the brake and accelerator pedals.

—*Oliver Stewart*



MR. A. J. A. HANHART, O.B.E., LI.B. has just been appointed to the joint position of secretary of the R.A.C. and manager of the club's Associate section. He joined the club as assistant secretary in 1937

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Ivon de Wynter

PATRICK PRICE is the restaurant and grill-room manager of the Royal Albion Hotel, Brighton, once closely connected with the legendary Harry Preston. He worked there first in 1936

DINING IN

Recipe repertoire

FREQUENTLY, I am asked to provide a "change" of sweets or puddings, because "We are all tired of my little repertoire."

The inspired home cook will, of course, retain such old favourites as bread and butter pudding, apple charlotte, crème brûlée, crème caramel and the like, but she will never hesitate to try a different dish to add, if a success, to her present stock of recipes.

There is a very refreshing apple soufflé we might well adopt. Start with a pound of cooking apples (for four). I suggest Bramley Seedlings, because they do fluff so beautifully. Wash and dry them, then cut them straight across in rounds, without peeling or coring them. Place them in a pan with a couple of tablespoons of water and a split vanilla pod or, if preferred, two slices of lemon, including the rind. Cover and cook just long enough to reduce them to a pulp. Remove the pod (if used) and rub the apples through a sieve. Return the purée to a not-too-large pan, add sugar to taste and heat through to dissolve it and to dry the mixture as much as possible.

Leave to cool a little. Add two yolks of eggs and beat them well in. Now add three stiffly whipped egg whites. With a metal spoon, fold them over and over, without too much movement, to blend them into the mixture without "squeezing" out the air already beaten into them. Have ready a well buttered 1½ to 1½-pint soufflé dish, the inside sprinkled with icing sugar. Turn the mixture into it and bake for about 25 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375 to 400 deg. F. or gas mark 5 to 6).

About five minutes before taking the dish from the oven, sprinkle ½ oz. of icing sugar and then 1 oz. of chopped walnuts on top of the soufflé.

THERE seems to be no half measure about coffee sweets. Either you like them very much or cannot abide them at all. For those who like them, I suggest this coffee-flavoured Bavarian Cream: Measure ½ oz. best quality powdered gelatine into a 2-pint basin. Add 2 tablespoons cold water and leave to swell. Beat together 3 egg yolks and 2 oz. vanilla sugar (or caster sugar and vanilla essence to taste). Stir into this ½ pint milk, brought to the boil. Measure 3 teaspoons Nescafé into a cup. Stir into it ¼ pint hot water, then add to the egg and milk mixture. Gradually stir this into the soaked gelatine. Stand the basin over (not touching) boiling water and stir until the gelatine is dissolved.

Remove from the hot water and stir again until the mixture is cold. Or stand the basin in a larger one, surround it with ice from the refrigerator and stir all the time until cold. Have ready ½ pint double cream, whipped until the whisk leaves a trail in it. Stir this into the cold mixture and turn into 5 to 6 individual glasses. Before serving, sprinkle chopped almonds or walnuts on top of each glass. Pass the following chocolate sauce separately: Break 4 oz. dessert chocolate into small pieces. Add 5 to 6 tablespoons of hot water and stir over a low heat until the chocolate is melted.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

Provence in W.I

EARLY in 1951 I motored down to the ruined fortress town of Les Baux in Provence—"time-haunted" is how the scriptwriters would describe it; when I got there I was fascinated.

The town goes straight up from the plain to precipitous and craggy heights of over seven hundred feet, and is one vast ruin. In the Middle Ages the inhabitants numbered about four thousand, all of them extremely warlike, but today I believe the population numbers under a hundred, the bold, bad barons of Les Baux having behaved so abominably that the town was completely demolished in 1632 by order of Louis XIII.

It is down in the valley with which I am concerned in 1957, because in 1951 I discovered a remarkable hotel there—L'Oustau de Baumannière—where we stayed and met its proprietor, Raymond Thuilier. The food and wines were of outstanding quality and there was something very feudal about the whole atmosphere.

Recently I have been to see M. Thuilier again and have feasted off some of the remarkable specialities which he presents at his hotel in the Val d'Enfer (Valley of Hell), and this I did by the simple process of turning up at the Mirabelle in Curzon Street.

Erwin Schleyen, not content with providing cuisine of the highest order at his restaurant, continually gives the maestros from France an opportunity to do the same thing, and had placed his kitchens at the disposal of M. Thuilier, who, with his *maître chefs* had travelled all the way from Provence.

HERE are some of the delicious specialities which he made available during the week of his stay, and all of which I enjoyed with delight but with possible detriment to my liver: *Homard à la Crème*, young lobsters cooked in wine and cream and the very finest butter; *Poularde Pochée à l'Estragon*, a poached capon, the liquid in which it was boiled being very much reduced and made into a light sauce with white wine and butter, the piquancy coming from a little added tarragon, this being served with rice; *Feuilleté de Ris de Veau*, sweetbreads of the finest quality baked in the oven in a casing of the lightest possible pastry which, as M. Thuilier said, "should melt in your mouth"; and *Coquilles St.-Jacques Baumannière*, the coquilles being *sauté* in butter, *flambée* in cognac, finished off with cream, and garnished with shrimps.

Maître chef Thuilier was there in full regalia in charge of operations, but he was only too pleased to give recognition to the co-operation and assistance which he received from Jean Drees, *Maître chef de cuisine* of the Mirabelle, who entered into the spirit of the affair with great gusto. He is only 34 and comes from Paris, but has worked all his gastronomic life in England, his family in France having made cooking their hobby and their livelihood for over 200 years. Indeed, in his own right he can match the masters.

—I. Bickerstaff



The ruined fortress of Les Baux dominates in gaunt dignity over the Provençal landscape, in one of George Gulley's many fine etchings



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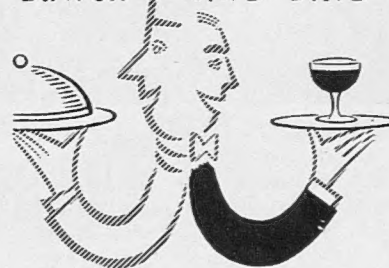
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Vandyk

Miss Gillian Ball, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Ball, of Rotherfield, Sussex, whose engagement has been announced to Dr. Allen George Strube, who is the only son of the late Mr. Sidney (George) Strube, and of Mrs. Marie Strube, of Park Drive, London, N.W.11



Fayer

Miss Rosemary Jane Bankart, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Harold and Lady Bankart, of Heath Ridge, Graffham, Sussex, is to marry Mr. James F. Godman-Dorington, son of the late Capt. J. F. Godman, R.A., and Mrs. Godman, of Haylands Farm, Graffham, near Midhurst



Fayer

Miss Caroline Kirwan-Taylor, youngest daughter of Mr. Harold Kirwan-Taylor, of Cadogan Square, and Mersham, Kent, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, of Aldington, is to marry Mr. Robert Garnham, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Garnham, of Old Harrow Farm, Egerton, Kent



Lenare

Miss Susan Valerie Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, eldest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Sir Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, Bt., and Lady Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, of Lodsworth, is to marry Mr. John J. F. Scott, son of Cdr. G. T. A. and Mrs. Scott, of Droxford

RECENTLY MARRIED



Parkinson—Jarvis. Mr. Cecil Edward Parkinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Parkinson, of Highfield, Carnforth, recently married Miss Ann Mary Jarvis, daughter of Mr. F. A. Jarvis, M.C., of High Elms House, Harpenden, and Mrs. Arthur Slater, of Hampstead Lane, N.6, at St. Nicholas's Church, Harpenden



Woodhouse—Trimble. Major John David Armer Woodhouse, M.C., 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), younger son of the late Lt.-Col. H. K. S. Woodhouse, and of Mrs. Woodhouse, of Newton Abbot, married Miss Margaret D. Trimble, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Trimble, of Dalston, Cumberland



Renn—Sorrell. Mr. Bryan Douglas Renn, of Queen's Gate, son of the late Mr. Arthur Renn, of Thornton Heath, Surrey, married Miss Wendy Diana Sorrell, only daughter of Mr. H. G. Sorrell, O.B.E., and Mrs. Sorrell, of Kingswood Avenue, Shortlands, Bromley, Kent, at the Church of St. Mary, Shortlands

Wood—Lomer. Capt. Patrick Haselden Wood, 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), only son of Mrs. M. H. Wood, of Meadway Court, N.W.11, and of the late Mr. H. Wood, married Miss Caroline Mary Lomer, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Humphrey Lomer, of Palace Gardens Terrace, W.8, at St. James's, Piccadilly



Langrishe—Horley. Mr. Patrick Nicholas Langrishe, younger son of Sir Terence Langrishe, Bt., of Knocktopher Abbey, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland, and Lady Langrishe, of Dormy Cottage, Wentworth, Surrey, was married to Miss Penelope Jill Horley, only child of the late Lt.-Cdr. Kenneth Horley, R.N., and Mrs. Scott-Hanson, Manor Barn Cottage, Chichester, at St. Saviour's, Walton St.



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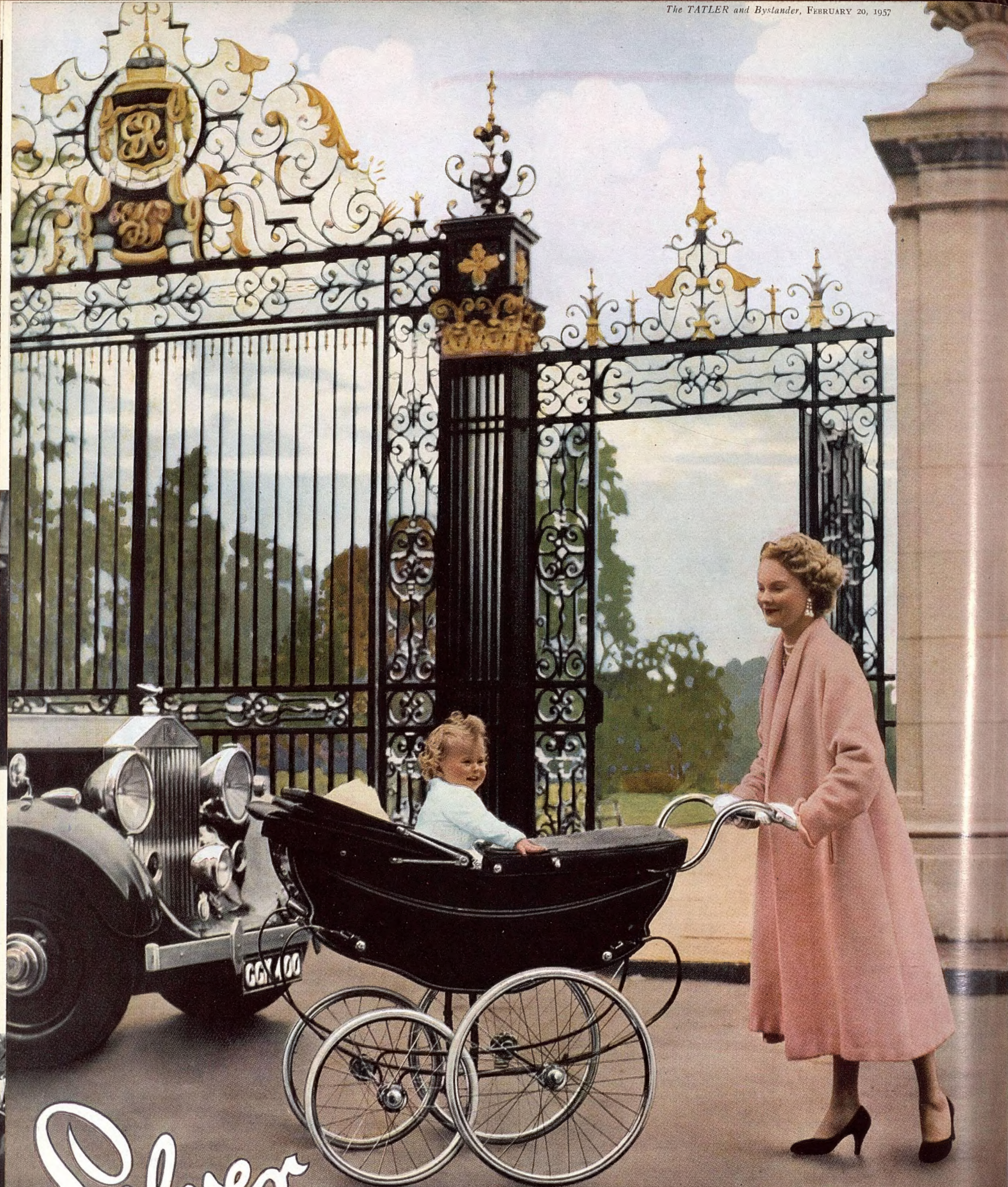
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